



## WE FACE "EXPOSURE" AGAIN

Hawaii is going to be exposed again. All our sins of omission and commission are to be laid bare before the gaze of the nation, and the wicked sugar planters and the machiavellian politicians and the interests are to be again shown up. This time there is to be no escape. Creel is after us, with his great searchlight of pitiless publicity, and he is going to tear the cover off and rip into the whole foul mess of corruption which he has pointed out to him during his recent sleuthing trip to Honolulu.

We might just as well throw up our hands and crawl down, because Creel has got us with the goods. He says so himself, and soon the whole world will know all about us.

There is no use of anyone here pretending to feel surprise at what Creel is going to say—that we are badly disgraced. We are Japan, for instance—because no matter what we profess, he knows. Oh, he knows, all right, and our hypocritical simulation of innocence is not going to fool Mr. Creel.

He calls his exposure "The Crime of Hawaii," and he is running it in the columns of that conservative and reliable publication, The Appeal to Reason, the pride of Girard, Kansas. As a sideline to publication, Mr. Creel is going to give a series of public lectures, also on "The Crime of Hawaii."

Speeches justify the republication of Mr. Creel's introduction to the book, as it is about to be published. It will give the people of Hawaii a degree of warning and a chance to brace their feet against the wrath of the hurricane about to sweep. The writer stumbled upon the crime of Hawaii by accident, being in Honolulu as a simple wayfarer, bound for further distant land.

"My trip ended abruptly at the Hawaiian Islands," he writes, "because of the positive assurance that if present phenomena in the United States of America will soon be drawn into the great world war with Japan as a military and naval opponent. By the time this is in print the island empire may have compelled diplomatic relations by which it will enter into full partnership with the allied power of Europe. In that event, when Japan strikes, the United States will find itself opposed by all the nations now making war on Germany. We shall have at sea, and possibly on land, the same situation that now confronts Europe. The danger is real and it is imminent."

"Hawaii and the Philippines are keys to the Japanese controversy, but Hawaii particularly. We are overlooking the islands every day, and Japan looks upon it as a hostile act. Exactly the same is the case with Japan in possession and holding of the island base of Honolulu."

"There is another and more vital reason. Approximately half the population of the entire Hawaiian group is Japanese. They have been imported by white sugar planters and pineapple growers and by them wantonly outraged on the plantations. In their treatment of plantation laborers the planters have repeated the worst atrocities of West Virginia, Michigan, Colorado, Louisiana and Arkansas. I mean exactly what I say. Strikers in Hawaii have been put down in blood and murder by armed thugs. Not one word about this has ever been allowed to reach the mainland and the press censorship in Hawaii is the most complete and effective in the world. The worst of our worst industrial classes have been duplicated in Hawaii with this difference. The Japanese are not allowed to send their children to school. Japanese workmen are anxious and waiting for an opportunity to send their children to school. The oppressors of Japanese workers."

"To gain their ends and to keep the workers in subjection the planters have violated international law and subjected Japanese citizens to indignities that would be resented by any nation in the world. Japan wants revenge, not on the United States, certainly, but on the planters who have mistreated her people. And Japan will have that revenge."

"If the world war continues another six months, and particularly if the success in forcing the allies to accept her into their circle—Japan will consider that the right moment has arrived. The planters have arranged that when the day of reckoning comes they shall have the United States army and navy to defend them. At any other time in history the audacity of the planters would startle the world. Now, in the midst of a struggle that encompasses the planet, the scheme will go through with a rush. If the workers of the United States do not awake to the situation immediately, the world will be before the world war there was a chance that the United States, at an awful cost of ships and men, could protect the planters from the just consequences of their tyranny, but that chance goes glimmering once Japan makes the alliance she hopes to make. The planters recognize this and are already trying to crawl from under. The wise ones are disposing of their stocks to make their investments safe, but they are not raising a hand to prevent the slaughter."

"Not even the most confirmed jingoist will contend that the Hawaiian Islands are worth anything to us except as a naval base in protecting the Philippines. The Philippines are valuable except as a base in protecting Hawaii. And when you have read the history of unwritten history of Hawaii, the consciousness of the planters and their mobbish dislike for what democracy we have in the United States you will agree that the most un-American thing we can do is to further protect them, even if that protection brought us revenue, which it must assuredly do not."

"The stories I am giving the Appeal are the most remarkable of all my newspaper career. If I am not telling the rock-ribbed truth I shall be court-martialed before the periscope half way through. If I am telling the truth there are at least one hundred plantations over in Hawaii who desire immediate and summary court-martial for engineering a conspiracy to subvert this nation in a needless and worse than senseless war."

"The United States should immediately release Hawaii from its sovereignty and leave the planters who annexed us to fight their battles alone. As a nation we had no part in the repeated injustices that impel Japan to seek revenge and as a nation we ought not to be forced into settling the planters' industrial and economic scores at the sacrifice of our lives. Hawaii should be released."

"I do not expect you to endorse this until you have read and weighed the evidence that the Appeal will present. In succeeding chapters you shall learn of the influence of the missionaries on native government, the beginning of industrial development, the fading away of the native population from 400,000 in 1778 to less than 30,000 at present, the importation and enslavement of plantation workers, the degradation of women on the islands and finally the systematic rape of Japan and how the planters are now prevailing upon the United States to champion their villainy."

"If the people of the United States of America once understand this campaign of capitalist intrigue in the islands they will be a unit in demanding that Uncle Sam remove his ships and soldiers from Hawaii."

## TROPICAL DRESS SUITS FOR FESTAL FUNCTIONS

There is need for one more city official in Honolulu and I am going to use all my influence with the board of supervisors to get him appointed.

The idea came to me at the Governor's ball, New Year's eve. There were such a lot of poor fellows in the conventional open-face, spike-tailed suits and they looked so awfully awkward and uncomfortable, it occurred to me that men ought to be allowed to wear their business suits and have a good time. But, to distinguish the good and great from the hot-potatoes—those who have enough cash to be able to wear an open-face if they want to, from them that have to borrow a dress outfit for festal occasions, there ought to be a government official whose duty it is to examine a candidate's financial status. If the examiner finds that a man really has the price then let him issue a badge that can be attached to a suit of hand-me-downs.

If this were done all the members of any Democratic precinct

club in Honolulu could attend the next Governor's reception and ball. A man could run down the line from the Governor to Joe Tucker, after five minutes, then go outside and hand the badge to the next club member.

As it is now unless one owns a set of these financial garments he has to go to his uncle and borrow for the occasion. If he is short and fat, and draws a long thin suit that would fit Colonel Jones the results are painful. If the borrower is one of the slim kind and draws a fat man's outfit all he can do is to reef in his shirt and shorten and then fatten down the line trying to hide his hands without falling over his feet.

Some clump is advocating these white pajama suits like Charlie Atherton and other tourists wear as a shallow tall substitute, but my scheme of a badge is better yet. As long as a man has his hands in his pockets or behind his coat he is happy, but these open-face suits are a talk can be buttoned and if you put your hands in your pockets the rest of the push take you for a waiter.

Honolulu must have one more government official.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

The new year has been ushered in auspiciously or suspiciously, and with erlat, the monthly bills are coming in due and ancient form—bills ordinary and the Christmas vintage—now comes all those little old resolutions that are going to keep us in the straight and narrow path for the whole twelve months of 1915.

Resolved, first, that we tell the truth. Webster, on a bridge, says truth is a statement of fact. Johnson, also on a bridge, defines truth as being the converse of a lie. Hyde, of life insurance fame, when charged with being a provocateur said that he was a misstatement fact made to any one who had the right to know. Hyde's version looks like a mighty convenient definition.

We shall adopt it.

Secondly, resolved, that we speak well of our neighbors. It is more soul satisfying to cuss them out, but what good does it do? If your neighbor is really impossible, poison his dog, or black to the tax collector about his unreported investments, but don't say anything about his character.

We have held in a stock of strychnine.

Thirdly, resolved, that in all business dealings we exercise that snave, amiable demeanor that enables a man to take in the stranger within the gates without exciting resentment on his part. Be smooth. Be firm, but get there!

## LOOKING BACKWARD

When I was a boy, the biggest event of the year was New Year's Day. Christmas was all right, in its way. If a fellow went to Sunday school regularly, for the last six weeks before that event there was at least an orange and a pink mosquito-net sock full of candy and nuts for him on the big church Christmas tree. Then there were the dandy sets, and a pair of skates, a new sled, some knitted mittens and a book or two. You always knew there would be something, and having expressed decided preference on frequent occasions in front of the elder members of the family, a fellow got to know pretty definitely what was coming to him.

But with New Year's Day it was different. There was a lot of mystery about the celebration. We boys usually were invited to go out rabbit hunting with father's shotgun and the family dog, a privilege more carefully guarded on normal occasions. A boy seemed to be more or less superstitious January first. Now, if there is any one thing that tends to rouse the ire of the average boy, it is to have much sought privileges granted when he knows "darned well" the grown-ups are giving in to him just because they would rather have him run than his company. That feeling spoils half the fun.

New Year's Day in my time was a great function. Every man in town topped up in his best black suit and gave his wife and some "calling" from house to house, sampling the cake and punch and other good cheer in a dozen to fifty homes. We boys roved that when we grew up there would be feasts performed in the backyards like to outdo the best record of the fastest young man in town.

However, when the "grew-up" years came that old-fashioned style of celebration was no longer in vogue. Public sentiment had set the stamp of disapproval on the custom of inaugurating a new year's course in sobriety of living with a wholesome, public day-time jig.

Elderly people are inclined to be tiresome. What I was going to say is that Honolulu runs to conviviality as a fitting means of celebrating public holidays more than in good for the people or the town. The New Year's Eve riot of murders, assaults and accidents has not all run through the hopper even on this fourth day of the first month of the new year.

Straight living is preached from every pulpit fifty-two Sundays, but what good does that do when the feeling has grown up in a community that on holidays nothing counts, and any excess is excusable because it is the last chance of the old and the first chance of the new year?

I vote for a return to the good old-fashioned daylight New Year's jag as an improvement over the all-night joyride mixture of gin and gasoline served out here last New Year's eve.

## THE BENIGHTED NEW YORKERS

An aggregation calling themselves the "Domestic Sugar Producers" issue a monthly publication under the caption, "Facts About Sugar," which contains "facts" that are weird. One of these which is reiterated in every number of the sheet is that Hawaii is "owned" by the United States, just as a man might own a suit of clothes, or an automobile, or a black eye, or any other unnecessary luxury. The case is exactly the opposite.

Hawaii owns the United States.

We fed the whole Pacific Coast population and kept it alive back in the fifties when California was still in swaddling clothes and the Middle Western States were unborn and unthought of.

If Hawaii is a "possession" of the United States, so is Massachusetts; but out here in Honolulu we do know all about the benighted New Englanders—what they eat, wear, think, talk about, who they vote for, and where they think they are going when they die.

"Facts About Sugar" is the visible evidence of the "publicity campaign" for the education of the nation. Apparently it is compiled by a bunch of down-easters that would probably lay in a stock of cube sugar for "seed" if they had to actually make their living growing the stuff instead of telling about how to do it. Cut out that "possession" stuff.

## Sugar Not In Holy Writ

Sugar was not known as an article of commerce among the Greeks; and it is not mentioned in the Bible, showing that it was not known to the Hebrews. The sugar cane is believed to have grown wild in India, and while no reference to sugar can be found to 300 A. D., there is no doubt that the juice of the cane was in use long before that period. The art of evaporation of the juice to a solid substance is an Indian invention of about the seventh century, and was spread all over the then known world. The Arabs and Egyptians prepared candy at an early date by recrystallizing the sugar obtained from the pressed cane. The introduction of the use of sugar into Europe was largely due to the Crusaders, who acquired a taste for it when they were in the Holy Land. On their return home their demand for it resulted in creating a market for it in Venice. It was not long until the sugar cane was cultivated in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and the industry flourished up to the fifteenth century. After the discovery of America, the Spaniards and Portuguese, and later the Dutch, French and English, introduced sugar cultivation into their colonies in the West Indies and South America. By the introduction of slave labor, which was practically unknown in Christian countries prior to the fifteenth century, it became possible to produce sugar in large quantities, so that it ceased being a costly product used only by the rich, and became cheap enough to be an article of common consumption.

## Small Talks

MAYOR J. J. FERN—I take a two-year vacation, eh? Tomorrow I leave office, but I come back again next time.

HENRY ARTHUR—Know the Bishop Museum is a splendid place to visit, but why feature it as a carnival attraction?

JAMES E. McLEAN—The Inter-Island company is getting ready to take over the ocean freighters that are coming to this port for fuel and supplies.

John McCROSSON—Anyone breaking into the Doyle mansion while under the impression that it was a church, belongs in an insane asylum, not in a jail.

HENRY SMITH—There were fewer divorce cases filed in Honolulu during December than in any other month of the past year. Wish every month was a Christmas one.

DAVID KALAUOKALANI JR.—The city officials all had a gay time New Year's eve. This may be proved by the fact that they all came to work Saturday with some one else's hat!

LORRIN ANDREWS—They can never say the new civil service commission didn't get busy right away and do something. There are a good many things that still need to be done.

JOSHUA D. TUCKER—The best thing about these land drawings and selection of homesteads and residence lots is when the money begins to roll in. Then, and only then, it begins to look like real business.

"BANANA" JACK KALAKIELA—Sheriff Rose very good man to persist. Advertiser try to make fun, call me baby elephant. Nobody offer me job children's circus. Lorrian Andrews sorry for me so get me job.

JOHNNY MARTIN—This 'ere business hof hein' a barker hat a circus man 'ave hits redemim' points, but has for me, give me a brush an' a 'andful hof paste an' I'll 'im 'appy. High 'ats his not my hidden hof 'appiness.

GEORGE R. CLARK—This thing of having to change the year numbers all of a sudden gets most of us. I began to practice "1915" a week ahead of time, but bless me if I didn't get back to "1914" the first thing on Friday.

SUPERVISOR-ELECT QUINN—The board has got to give me money for roads. It is idle for the supervisors to say we can do all road work under the franchise tax. That is impossible. We can do a lot of it, but not all of it.

RICHARD H. TRENT—Good little boys and girls who live in Honolulu do not have to wait for their reward until they pass to the next world. Their parents can bring them to the next children's circus of the Methodist Sunday school.

A. D. CASTRO—Many Coast people think the Santo Antonio Society is the Honolulu postoffice. I have received letters from the Coast addressed simply, "Mr. So and So, Santo Antonio Society," and they get to Honolulu just the same.

LICENSE INSPECTOR W. P. FENNEL—Did you see me with my little stop watch out at Waikiki Jan New Year's morning? When I snapped her at three o'clock, I stopped the entire New Year's celebration on Oahu, for everybody was there.

MELVILLE T. SIMONSON—I have been granted two weeks extra within which to tell in tabulated form the tale of Honolulu's court work for the year just. It makes too and to think of all the heart aches and misery that one short year brought about.

B. L. CONKLING—Talk about honesty and efficiency in government! There has not been a single instance of defalcation in any office of the Territory since Governor Pease took office, nearly eight years ago. What big business house in Honolulu can say so much!

JOHN EFFINGER—The Hawaiian Exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition will prove a great success in every respect. Mr. Wood and the staff who will assist him will undoubtedly turn the interest of the visitors in Hawaiian exhibits to the best advantage of the islands.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM—It may be definitely stated that the Governor of Hawaii has no intention of starting any dress reforms, and the black evening dress will continue to be worn by civilians who pattern after the Governor until Bond street or Fifth Avenue decrees otherwise.

S. C. KENNEDY—This is what I heard the other morning at the luncheon, "Ladies and gentlemen, the music is about to stop and now I will pass the hat around and, if each of you will contribute, the music will keep on FOREVER." Can't tell what happened, for I went home early.

LIEUT. VAN DEUSEN—The Coast Artillery branch of the Army Reserve Society held a nice little sum at the benefit performances at the Bijou theater. Thanks are offered Messrs. Cohen and Webb and the All-Star Players. Press agents are invited to call at my quarters and be entertained.

CHARLES IN FORBER—I want everybody in Honolulu who has a say to say against the granting of permission to erect that proposed amusement pier in Waikiki to appear before the harbor commission Tuesday morning and give us the benefit of their views, or write them out and mail me the letter.

HARBORMASTER POSTER—If some of the prominent citizens really want to do something for Honolulu and the islands, why don't they get behind the Kalili channel project and everlastingly bang away at Washington until we get the money to put it through? Conditions in our little vest-pocket harbor are getting worse all the time.

VINCENT FERNANDES—The fire whistle saved me from a personal conflagration the other day. As I was going up The Advertiser stairs I heard the fire alarm and stuck my hand in the coat pocket to feel out the fire card and I am blamed if I did not find that my pipe had started a fire in the pocket all on its own account. I put the fire out as I heard the engines go by along King street.

SUPERVISOR PACHECO—Before I go out of office tomorrow, I want to say just one thing. When the supervisors allowed a \$300 personal injury claim a short time ago, I called attention to the disgraceful condition of the sidewalk in this city. I used those very words, "disgraceful condition." An usual everybody laughed. The next thing that happened was the filing of a similar claim for \$1500. You can't say I didn't warn the board.

G. H. TUTTLE—The following members of the Outrigger Club have been taught by Doctor Fred Morning how to use the pulmotor. Arthur Brown, John Horner, Mr. Corneliusson, Ronald Higgins, Warren Smith, Joseph Stickney, E. Cooke, F. R. Auerbach, A. H. Fort, Roy Graham, W. J. McNeil, P. Hous, J. M. Watt, Marston Campbell Jr., Malcolm Tuttle, Ralph Gray and Woods Peters. The five last mentioned are away from the Territory.

P. V. F. BAKER (Purser S. S. Ventura)—Believe me, Australia, with all the hardships which she has gone through since the war broke out, coupled with the natural depression that comes with a threatened drought, is going to have an exhibit at the Panama Pacific that she may well be proud of. It will be a great surprise to many people who know little or nothing of that great country "down under" and will bring tourists and settlers to Australasia.

REV. J. W. WADMAN—The Advertiser's editorial reference to the folly of allowing postponements of trifling police cases hit the nail on the head. A police court should be a place for summary action and should not be run with all the technicalities of a supreme court. Half the value of the community of the district court is lost by allowing drunks and speeders and wife beaters and gamblers all the time they want to cook up a defense and tire out the witnesses for the prosecution.

J. A. JOHNSON—Dried fruits and nuts are selling at bedrock prices on the Coast. Fresh and dried fruits are lower than ever in Honolulu are just as high as they ever were. Fruit growing is one of the big industries over there as we all know. Everyone in California has gone in for olives and walnuts the last two years on account of the lure of high prices for these products, but with the European market absolutely cut off the outlook is not a bright one.

DR. E. C. WATERHOUSE—In the Malay States and neighboring regions there are marked wet and dry seasons, a long wet period in winter, then dry weather, a short wet season again in early summer and dry again in the autumn. In the tobacco country on the east coast of Sumatra the crop is planted at the beginning of the short wet season, usually in April or May. Then by July or August the rains cease and the seedlings in the beginning of the dry weather. The 1914 crop of Sumatra tobacco was almost a complete failure because of drought.

W. A. WALL—I do not approve of the Rapid Transit's having to water its tracks. The water soaks down along the outside of the rails and runs round the surfacing of the roadway, softens the subgrade and starts ruts and hollows. The only sure dust preventive to use on the downtown streets is road oil. Give the roads a fresh



"You can read all about that Koolapoko road that cost \$16,000 a mile, any time you pick up the papers," remarked High Private Jones, "but we're buildin' one now but here that I have that county pike looked clear off th' boards, an' you'll never read anything about it, neither."

"You know th' O's always had an idea it would be a fine thing to run a road up to Kala-Kole pass, an' so it would. Nice little pleasure trip if only it wasn't so rough goin' over that steep road. So the C. O. decides to fix up this here state of affairs, an' build a road, see?"

"Now, it's some job buildin' a road in a mountain pass, an' they don't want to make anybody work too hard, so they detail eleven hundred soldiersmen to do the pick an' shovel thing six days a week. The seventh day bein' a day of rest they use that to change reliefs, see? No trouble to build a swell mountain road when you can detail eleven hundred young an' bickety men to do it. Help 'em forget what they took on an' come over here for."

"You know it gets my goats sometimes. Ever since I been over here we've been putting up camps, an' pullin' 'em down, an' buildin' campments an' movin' 'em around, an' plantin' trees an' gardenin' an' pullin' 'em up, an' cuttin' guava an' beautifyin' the landscape, and now we got to build a Benguet road out here. Then when I go to town, I have to listen to some fathead explainin' to some other boob that we don't have nothin' to do."

"Anyhow, that's gettin' away from the high cost o' road buildin', which is what I started to tell you about. You know, them guys in the quartermaster general's office figures it costs two dollars a day for every man in th' service. Then th' general staff figures out this seven-year ultimatum thing, one year bein' needed to learn to soldier, two years to work on public improvements, th' public don't need, an' the other four to kick th' dog around, see?"

"All the time you're doin' this, they figure you're costin' th' taxpayer two dollars a day. That's exceptin' th' three years in reserve, of course. I think they got about sixteen in th' reserve now."

"Now, eleven hundred men at two dollars a day is costin' the government \$13,200 a week for labor to build this here road. They figure it'll take six weeks to build her, so that'll cost th' taxpayers \$79,200 for a two-mile road that don't go anywhere. Figures about \$39,600 a mile don't they? If that don't make your Koolapoko road look like a piker I'll eat it."

"Of course, this here road ain't much good for anything, but there's sure some swell scenery when you get up in Kala-Kole, an' it'll be nice an' easy to get there when the road's built. You'll notice I ain't said anything about material. They can pick up all the material they want, an' the noble eleven hundred can break it up an' pack it up to th' new road."

"Of course, you can get some satisfaction out o' the job when you've finished your six days of your particular eleven hundred. You can look down over your 3600 feet of completed road and say: 'You had a hand in constructin' one o' the most expensive roads ever built on an island where they specialize on makin' 'em come high.'"

"Maybe they'll build a Fall on this here road before they get through, just for th' scenic effect. Then you can hike up there, takin' care to dodge the autos, an' gaze down over this here Fall, with the fifty-mile wind blowin' through your hair, sing that little ditty, 'This Is th' Life.'"

## More of War's Great Glories

Mr. Stanley Washburn, representing the London Times in Russia, gives us a few realistic pictures of what war means in these horror-struck regions. Speaking of a recent engagement, he says: "Dead horses and mutilated men were everywhere, with bits of insular bands, arms and legs scattered about the field, mark the track of empire as it moves to the adjustment of the balance of power. Even the little action that we came upon at the finish—so small as to be hardly worth mentioning by cable—cost, I estimate, a thousand lives. Over in the wood, just beyond our artillery position, were three or four hundred German dead. Our troops are doing well with the bayonet, I believe. I did not visit the wood. I'm so sick of it all. But others of our party came back with glowing accounts of it, and bloody relics taken off dead bodies. One I saw was the Soviet Record. I read his age in the bloody book: 'Born 1900. Parents: only a mother.' Just fourteen years old. And there was 'only a mother' left behind in Germany."

cost every four months and there will be no dust. If the company could be prevailed on to oil its car-tracks instead of watering them daily it would prolong the life of the roadways bordering the car lines and would probably be a good thing for rails and ties too.

A. R. GURNEY—Throw net fishing along the reefs is good sport and one that requires much skill and practice. The aboriginal, a fish resembling mullet, only rounder, comes in schools to feed in the shallows at low tide. I have seen a fisherman take over two hundred at one throw. Abolishole is fine eating. They have been more plentiful recently than for several years. Schools of the big sea-mullet feed inside the reef especially towards evening when sea and air are calm and the sky overcast. I have seen the water black with big fellows two feet long or more. These big mullet are sometimes taken with throw-nets.

JOHN C. LANE—When the proper time comes I will issue a Pink Paper, giving the diplomatic correspondence between myself and my various ambassadors in and through the City and County of Honolulu. Then the world may judge for itself regarding who is responsible for the bloody war that is soon to break out in the vicinity of King and Fort streets. In the meanwhile I have nothing to say for publication. But, take my word for it, when the scrap comes it will be no scrap of paper. Horner and Hollinger will have my ultimatum handed to them by the trusty hand of Carl Widemann, my secretary of state for political affairs.

FATHER VALENTIN—High Sheriff Jarrett deserves very great praise for the difference he has brought about over at the penitentiary. He has almost done away with the use of the Oregon boot and irons, because the prisoners never do anything any more to require them. He has adopted a policy of improving the men by keeping them out in the sunshine and allowing them games and otherwise treating them as men to be reformed, not as men to be punished every minute of their time. He is doing a great and a good work and I believe that many of the prisoners will leave after their time is up better men, morally and physically, because of his work. I take my hat off to Bill Jarrett. He is certainly making good.

JOHN SMITH—Hawaii is the best place in the United States to live. Mainland business conditions are not any too good; politics little. Business would have been better had it not been for the Democratic wave of reform. Hindsight is better than foresight any day. Our friends the D. reformers had their vision fixed on the top of the rainbow. Striving ahead, looking neither forward nor back, they now find that they have led the people into a boghole up to the armpits and are floundering around hunting for a foothold. A heavy dose of political reform is about the worst medicine big business or little business can be given. They have had their dose, reform legislation by the bucketful. Had there been no European war the country might have staggered through the slough of legislation. I predict that the American people will not again trust the direction of their political affairs to the party now in power for at least one more generation.

ED McINERNEY—I have an avocado tree at my place on School street that will answer the requirements Mr. Thurston spoke of last Sunday. The pears have a hard rind that is impervious to the fruit fly, or any other pest. Rear Admiral L. A. Beardslee brought two seeds of this variety to me. Just about home, the other in the Wilhelms vineyard at Punalou. My tree grew from a seed taken from the latter. The original Wilhelms pear is a small round black fruit as hard as a rock. The only way to tell when the fruit is ripe is to pull on the stem. If it is ripe the stem comes out. My tree is just five years old. It fruited for the first time this year, bearing about sixty large round green pears, many of them weighing one and a half pounds. The outside skin is hard and tough, almost like the shell of a nut, but the fruit gets soft when ripe. The flesh is nutty and richly flavored and perfectly stringless—a magnificent pear. I have kept individual fruits in the refrigerator three weeks and after taking them off the ice they took three to four days to ripen. The first fruit ripened in October and there are still a few left on the tree. I believe this pear is just exactly what is wanted—a hard-skinned, water-ripening variety, a good shipper and safe from insect attacks. The pears would ship in cold storage to any point in the United States.